

NYM CRINKLE'S LETTER

New York's Theater Magnates
Observe Good Friday.

MAURICE BARRYMORE'S OPERA.

The Eccentric Genius of Its Author—Col-
laborating with Steele Mackaye—A
New England Play That Failed to
Draw the People—French Wickedness
in Gotham's Concert Halls.

[Special Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, April 23.—The closing of six of the principal theaters here on the night of Good Friday created some tributory comment. The movement appears to have been made without consultation by the managers, and it can hardly be said that they closed their houses because on that night the patronage is bad, for the floating population which furnishes the bulk of the theatergoers does not have any religious scruples about the matter. The fact is, the managers appear to have simply recognized the dominant sentiment of a Christian community.

In one aspect of the case this is a curious tribute to the growth of a reverential popular feeling. Mr. Maurice Barrymore is to open the new Fifth Avenue theater with a comic opera. I had the pleasure of reading the libretto. It is, like everything this erratic genius has done, an audaciously clever and original piece of work. How he ever managed to get it upon paper is a mystery to all who know him. He is without exception the most untutored man I ever knew. He goes about with a headful of ideas and conceits which it is his delight to pour out over a café table to a select coterie of good fellows. But to do consecutive work with a pen is not in him.

I remember that he wrote "Nadjeza" on trains, in barber shops, while he was having his boots "shined." He wrote it on the backs of envelopes, on the margins of newspapers, on beer soaked circulars and on visiting cards. When he got an act fairly mapped out he had to read it, and then there was a curious scene. "Listen to this," he would say, and then pulling a bundle of letters from his breast pocket he would shuffle them over and arrange the backs together and commence. The reading was sure to be interrupted in a few seconds by some observation as, "By Jove, that's not it; that's part of the act—hold on a minute." Then he would dive into his other pockets, and after pulling out dog whistles, playing cards, nail files and cigarettes, "By Jove, not you, I think I must have left that scene in the Turkish bath; wait a moment, please; perhaps this is it," and unfolding a wrinkled hand he would discover it and with infinite effort proceed to give the scene from a smeared, erased and interlined copy in pencil on the back of an advertisement.

How these detached bits of character and plot ever got into shape, no one can tell. But by some process they did. Modjeska, who has a keen appreciation of Barrymore's genius, says he dumped "Nadjeza" out of a bushel basket and they sat down on the floor, and while he sorted the scraps she read the play. This is burlesque, of course, but it is fairly indicative of Barrymore's method.

I had an experience once in collaborating a play with Steele Mackaye. We were in the country. Everything wooded us outdoors. Steele would say in the morning, "Now, my dear fellow, we'll take a walk, yet our systems full of oxygen and come back inspired for work."

No more delightful companion could be found than Steele Mackaye when there was plenty of oxygen, and we would ramble eight or ten miles and come back hungry as wolves. Then Steele would say, "We can't work on an empty stomach; it's utterly out of the question; we'll just get a good, hearty country dinner and we'll feel more like it." Then we'd sit at the table three hours and discuss Swedenborg and Schopenhauer and Kant and drink wine, and when I proposed to go to the library and get to work Steele would say: "Great heavens! man—on a full stomach! The idea is suicidal! All the vital energy is required for digestion. I thought you had a fairly good knowledge of physiology. No, sir, we'll just take a siesta and get up in apple pie order for work." Then we'd turn into convenient hammocks, and when we woke up there was company and a jolly evening. This went on day after day and no collaboration. We'd sit down occasionally on opposite sides of a big round table, where there was a great show of foosball, and immaculate blotters, and ornamental gold pens, and we'd each take up an implement, and stare at each other for a few moments, and light cigars, and go out on the veranda to plot the scene, as he called it, and discuss Cousin and Herbert Spencer instead.

Finally I hit upon a happy device. I pulled the table up to the veranda window, told Steele to light his cigar, go out on the veranda and walk and talk the play, and I would write. When he got in action and could "orate" he was the best collaborator I ever saw. He spouted, acted, preached and argued, and I wrote. That was the way that play was got upon paper. Last week a somewhat misguided person took the Union Square theater and produced two plays, "The Holy Tree Inn" and "Spooks." The first was not entitled to the name of play, as it was merely a stage version of Charles Dickens' charming little sketch, "Boots at the Holy Tree Inn," and depended entirely upon two children for its acceptability. The infants were undeniably interesting as precocious infants. One, Master Wallie Eddinger, is eight; the other, Viola McEldin, is seven. They pleased the audience, but in spite of the fact that this sketch calls for children it fell outside of all dramatic criticism the moment they were employed in it.

"Spooks" proved to be a New England comedy without plot, like the "Old Homestead," and depending like one of Mr. Howells' novels upon the restlessness and volubility of the characters for its interest. Mr. Howells, by the way, suddenly discovered the "Old Homestead" after it had been played five years, and rushed into print like a royal astronomer to herald a new star. The "Old Homestead," he said, was the type of the play of the future, and to that complexion all good work must come.

To compare the prediction with the real outcome, which is "Spooks," is like mistaking a bonfire for a comet. I don't know anything that so completely puts the extinguisher on Mr. Howells' theory that the public does not want plot in a play, but only character, as this play of "Spooks." It is all character. Every personage in it is a genuine New England type, and the actors do their very best in delineation. But the story doesn't interest anybody. They talk continually, but never get anywhere.

What was the result? On Tuesday night half a house. By Thursday one-third. By Saturday the ushers were lashing people to fill the seats. Nothing is more pitiable than to see a

company of clever people doing their best to interest the public in that which is intrinsically uninteresting.

War plays continue to threaten. Bronson Howard's Shenandoah appears to be the type that all follow. Mr. Pitou and Colonel Alford have produced "Across the Potomac," and I hear of two more with the blue and the gray in them ready for spring exhibition.

The May entertainments threaten to be seriously affected by the women's fair at the garden. The public will be able to come face to face with a large bevy of actresses there for fifty cents and the entertainment itself will be of unusual magnitude. In this enterprise the church fair has been initiated for the first time by the theater and we are to have the delicious of the stage doing what the sisters of the Sunday school have done for fifty years—putting charity in a bazaar and knocking it down to the highest bidder.

The liberality with which this enterprise has been met by the public is astonishing, and it promises to be one of the most profitable and one of the most splendid devices ever attempted.

It may not interest the American world at large to know that Mlle. Marie Paccra, the French chanteuse at Koster and Bial's, has sailed for Paris. But it appeared to be of interest to a large crowd of the gilded youth of this city, for she had a levee on the steamer and a ton of saphired dukes kissed their hands to her as she sailed away. Mademoiselle is one of the several Parisian dancers who have this winter charmed the foolish and the reckless by purely French methods.

The audacity, the voluptuousness, the salacious songs purely imbedded in French and the coquette dresses have drawn all the gay rounders of both sexes to Koster and Bial's, which is the nearest approach to the London Alhambra that New York will tolerate, and is the only place where you can wash down your conscience with beer.

Mademoiselle's departure only makes way for a new importation, for this house keeps a sharp eye on the latest Parisian recklessness, and there is a contingent of patrons in New York who read Figaro and drink absinthe because it isn't English, you know.

NYM CRINKLE.

Wheelmen Dyer and Smith.
Two men that wheelmen all over the country will be interested in reading about are Frank L. Dyer, chief consul of the District of Columbia for the League of American wheelmen, and J. C. V. Smith, chairman of the Washington committee on racing for the coming annual meet of the L. A. W. at the national



F. L. DYER.

capital. These men will be prominent among the entertainers of the thousands of bicyclists who will visit Washington in July, and both are hard at work already preparing for the coming meet. They are old and experienced wheelmen and will see that visitors are well cared for. The meet gives promise of being one of the most successful ones ever held by the L. A. W.

Signs of Spring.
The first sign of spring is the feeling that your hat is shabby.

The second is that your winter overcoat is getting heavy. If your overcoat is a particularly nice one, this sign will not be apparent.

The suburban begins to talk eloquently of garden seeds and fertilizers.

He goes home loaded down with seedmen's catalogues and boxes and rakes and agricultural information.

His neighbors' hens are emancipated from their hibernation, and he thirsts for the blood of his neighbors.

The ash heap in his yard rises grimly like a remembrance of evil doings.

If you live in the country you begin to talk of improvements, of a cupola here and there and piazza or bay window somewhere else.

In the city, you commence your annual talk of shaking off your feet the dust of the city and moving into the country.

The dark shadow of the coming house cleaning broods like a bird of evil omen over your once happy home.

The wife of your bosom talks of new carpets and new furniture.

The plumber no longer robs you of your substance, the carpenter, and the painter, and the plasterer, and the paperhanger taking what is left.

As you ride homeward in the cars you hear stories of early peas.

An English sparrow has set his alarm clock an hour earlier, and now arouses you from your early slumber at 4 a. m.

Your landlord has discovered that things are going to boom, and booms your rent straight away.

In spring a young man's fancy likely turns to thoughts of new clothes.

It is in the springtime that the bilious man's fancy turns to patent medicine.

The Boston Post says that "ulsters may now be put up." Ours was put up long ago—shoved up, says a country editor.

Some of the girls are thinking of green grass and warm sunshine to come. It is a fore-lawn hope.

Spring may be a little rigorous, but we feel safe in predicting an open summer.

In a few short weeks the papers will be printing spring poetry, and lots of men will be growling because the discarding of their overcoats will reveal a ragged suit.

Texas Siftings.

An Indignant Burglar.
"The most remarkable experience with a burglar that I ever heard of," said Colonel Calliper, "was that of Jason Frogg, a friend of mine, who once lived in St. Klavie Center, Vt. Two of Mr. Frogg's children were quite sick with diphtheria, and for a number of nights he and Mrs. Frogg were up with them pretty much all night. At about quarter past 2 on one of these nights Mr. Frogg went down into the kitchen for something. He carried no light, for he was familiar with every nook and corner of his house. He stepped on a pair of felt slippers, and as he heeded not the kitchen floor he heard a burglar sliding working at the back door. Mr. Frogg felt very bad about his children, but it almost made him laugh to think how easily he could get rid of the burglar. He went up near the door and said to him, in an ordinary tone of voice:

"My friend, we have two cases of diphtheria in the house."

"What?" said the burglar. "Then why in thunder don't you hang out a yellow flag to warn people?"

"How could I know you were coming?" said Mr. Frogg.

"What do I care whether you knew I was coming or not?" said the burglar. "Suppose I'd had got into your damned old house and taken the diphtheria home to my children?" And he gathered up his tools and went away apparently very indignant."

—New York Sun.

Chicago has a cycling club composed of thirty-five colored riders, which will be represented in the next Pullman road race.

Walter Knott, a Chicago wheelman, goes hunting on his bicycle along the Desplaines river.

OMAHA HOSPITALITY.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE WILL
BE WELL ENTERTAINED.The Good People of the Town Are Mak-
ing Elaborate Preparations for the Re-
ception and Entertainment of Visitors.
Many Points of Interest in the City.

[Special Correspondence.]
OMAHA, April 18.—The citizens of Omaha are looking forward to the month of May with anticipations of a very interesting nature. On May 1 the quadrennial or general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church will be opened in this city and will continue, as usual, one month.

In order to secure the location of the conference in this city leading citizens pledged their individual bonds that the entire expense of the conference would be borne by the people of Omaha. This pledge will be faithfully kept. Several months ago active preparations were begun to secure the necessary funds with which to redeem this pledge, and the leading citizens, without regard to creed or religious profession, have responded freely, both in subscribing to the cash fund and in agreeing to entertain delegates in their homes. The citizens' committee having in hand the entertainment problem has taken up the work in a very systematic and businesslike manner.

It was decided to secure entertainment in private homes for about 300 of the 500 delegates expected at the conference, and the remaining 200 will be provided with accommodations at the hotels.

In the work of securing entertainment in private homes the committee has succeeded remarkably well, and nearly all that is required in that direction has been accomplished. Many of the finest homes in the city will be open to the delegates. A great many people who reside here have personal acquaintances among the delegates and have requested the pleasure of entertaining them. The committee has acceded to these requests in every instance where it was possible to do so, and in that way the matter of entertaining will become a double pleasure. The question of entertaining the colored delegates appeared to be something of a puzzle for a time, but the matter has been so arranged that all difficulty will be avoided, unless some over-sensitive colored man should take upon himself to find fault where there should be none found. Each of the leading hotels of the city will take a few of the colored brethren, and some of them will be entertained by the well-to-do colored people of the city.

The city council will give a grand banquet on Monday evening, May 2, in honor of the conference delegates and other distinguished visitors. Mayor Bemis will make the address of welcome and Hon. John M. Thurston and other distinguished orators will speak.

Many of the energetic business men of Omaha intend to devote a considerable part of the month of May to the work of entertaining the conference delegates. Numerous schemes are being devised for the pleasure of both the entertained and the entertainers. Luncheons will be given by the professional men of the city to the delegates belonging to corresponding professions, and business men will strive to make it pleasant for delegates who represent their particular line of business. In a score of ways the delegates will be shown that the people of Omaha are hospitable.

Although Omaha is a city of very recent growth and possesses no ruins, grand old castles or any of those antique attractions that are the pride and boast of older American and European cities, yet this young giant of the plains is not without attractions that may well claim the attention of every visitor. One of the points of interest in Omaha is the great Omaha and Grant smelting and refining works, which employs nearly 1,000 men, and turns out millions of dollars' worth of silver, copper, lead and many other metals. The crude ores are shipped here from Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota and Mexico. The works cover nearly thirty acres of ground, and are said to be the largest in the United States.

Another point of interest for visitors is the American water works plant, located at the suburban town of Florence, seven miles above the city on the Missouri river. In this splendid plant the American Water Works company has expended over \$1,000,000. From these immense reservoirs the entire supply of water for Omaha and the suburban city of South Omaha is furnished. Fully 150,000 people, together with all the various institutions that consume water, are supplied from this great pumping station.

But perhaps the most interesting institution in the vicinity of Omaha, to the average visitor, is the stock yards and packing houses of South Omaha. This energetic suburb of Omaha is now third in the list of pork and beef packing centers in the United States, being outranked only by Chicago and Kansas City. Several thousand head of cattle and hogs are slaughtered and dressed daily in each of half a dozen mammoth packing houses located in this great packing center. The wonderful system, the dexterity and vastness of the slaughtering and packing business done here strikes the average visitor with astonishment.

Omaha has a few handsome parks, some great buildings and a number of palatial residences, all of which will be shown to the best possible advantage.

The Linger art gallery is another point of interest that visitors should not fail to take in. It is considered the finest private collection of paintings to be found in the west. Mr. Linger is a man of wealth and has been a great traveler. His collection embraces a wide range of the choice works from the hands of the old masters and many modern pieces of exceptional merit. His collection of valuable decorated chinaware is particularly worthy of careful note. Among his more valuable pictures there are several that he could sell at any day for \$50,000 to \$75,000.

Across the river from Omaha lies Council Bluffs, a city of about 30,000 people, which will no doubt claim the attention of the visitors for at least one day during the conference. The delegates need not expect to see a finished city or a people who have much time to spare in the pleasures and pastimes of life here in Omaha, but they may rest assured that a very hearty welcome will be extended to them and every effort will be put forth to make the sojourn of the visitors a very pleasant one.

The conference sessions will be held in Boyd's theater, a large and superbly appointed opera house which seats about 2,500 people. The theater is centrally located and convenient to the various electric car lines running to all parts of the city. The committee meetings will probably be held in the churches that are centrally located and at the hotels. Preparations have been begun to provide a large dining hall where the delegates will take their noonday luncheon, thus relieving them from the necessity of going to the homes of the people where they will be entertained for the midday meal, and giving them an opportunity to return to committee work with less delay.

J. M. GILLAN.

THE BIRTHDAY OF JONES.

His Wife Prepares Some Little Birthday Gifts for Him.

"Jephtha," said Mrs. Jones in a little, waydown voice that sounded soft and squeaky, "today is your birthday, and you know I always give you a birthday present."

"Yes, Maria," answered Mr. Jones hastily, "but you needn't mind any this year. I still have the box of cigars that you gave me on my last anniversary."

"There was a cake of French soap too."

and a shaving mug, Jephtha," insisted Mrs. J., in a hurt tone.

"Oh, yes. I've used the soap every day, and its shadow hasn't grown less yet as I can see. The shaving mug I broke—accidentally of course."

"Oh, of course," chirped Mrs. Jones. "You don't suppose I thought you broke it on purpose? Well, dear, this time I've bought you—now guests."

"Slippers, suspenders, a footrest, smoking jacket, slumber robe, mantrouser set!" "Oh, no, no," interrupted Mrs. Jones. "I knew you would never guess. Look there, Jephtha," and Mrs. Jones held in Mr. Jones' unwilling arms a package of something metallic and a long, narrow box.

He opened the box first and wadded, each of a different color.

"What are these, Maria?" asked the unhappy man, moved by a premonition of woe. "Four-in-hands! I made them myself. You can wear one at a time or all four at once, just as you like. Ain't they awfully sweet?"

"But, good heavens, Maria, they are made of women's goods! Men don't wear that kind of stuff—no man living could tie one," said Jones, mentally wondering if one of them would bear his wretched weight.

"Oh, they'll do," said Mrs. Jones cheerfully. "You are too particular, Jephtha, dear. Now under the package." And she retreated toward the door in such a manner that Jones wondered whether it were dynamite.

But she only did that to get a better vantage ground from which to observe his delight when he saw the piece de resistance of his natal day.

It opened up well, as a three leaved shaving mirror with a patent attachment which would enable a nervous man to shave himself.

"Well, that is quite a scheme," said Jones complacently; "you've hit it this time, Maria. How does it work?"

"Why, you put this self adjusting shelf under your chin, and this strap over your head, and that brings the mirror around your face so that you can see both sides at once, and of course the razor is inside in your hand, and you fasten this catch and it fits as snug as a helmet. Great invention, isn't it?"

At that moment the doorbell rang and Mrs. Jones was called out of the room to see company.

Jones studied himself and thought he was a pretty good looking man. He mapped out a diagram for his next shave and examined a new mole that appeared in a constellation under his left ear. Then he began to perspire and concluded to lay aside the adjustable mirror.

Mrs. Jones a half hour later was talking to her caller, when a strange noise was heard up stairs.

"It must be the cat," she said, and listened a moment.

"Sounds like some one in distress," said her company, as she rose.

"Maria!" called a smothered voice.

"M-a-r-i-a, h-e-l-p, m-u-r-d-e-r!"

Mrs. Jones rushed up the stairs and as soon as she saw Mr. Jones she began to laugh hysterically.

"Take off the infernal thing!" he shouted as he cartwheeled around the room with his head fastened in its cage of glass and steel.

"Keep still! I can't find the combination," gasped Mrs. Jones. "Oh, Jephtha, you do look so funny!"

But Mr. Jones was in no mood to be trifled with, and by the time Mrs. Jones had his head out of its novel frame she realized it.

A hollow peace is patched up, and Mrs. Jones says that she will hang that mirror where she can see her Sunday bonnet in it, and in that way it will do the most good.

And she thinks the new four-in-hands can be utilized as belts for her new Russian blouse.

Jones thinks—but his thoughts cannot be recorded in a family newspaper.—Detroit Free Press.

Farewell to Niblo's Garden.
It is reported that on the 15th of May Niblo's Garden, one of the most famous of New York's playhouses, will cease to be a theater. It has lost money for a long time, and its death as a house for the drama has been only a question of a few months.

Away back in the fifties Niblo's Garden was opened as a theater, and since that first night it has grown to be known by name from one end of the land to the other. Many are the now noted actors and actresses who won their first applause on its magnificent old stage, and if the people



who have passed evenings in its comfort able chairs could be mustered before us there would be among them hundreds of world known faces.

Niblo's Garden was the "home of spectacle" in America. There the "Black Crook" and the "Devil's Auction" both were first presented, and there every week day night for years shapely young women in tight bodices were the delighted bald heads in the front rows.

Its decadence may be traced directly to the up town growth of New York city. Where it stands was one Gotham's liveliest neighborhood. Now the theater is surrounded by wholesale stores that go to sleep at sundown.

A Record.
Algy—Why do you—aw—buy those little common packages of cigarettos, of man?

Cholly—Aw—don't yer see? I can—aw—smoke two packages while you smoke one large one. That's how I made my record.

—New York Sun.

Perfectly Safe.
Miss Fortied—Dear me, how you are freckled! I should feel awful to have my face like that!

Miss Young—But there is no danger of being freckled when one is on the shady side.—Boston Transcript.

Putting It Gently.
Olivia—Say, Lily, I saw Fred Hardup going into a pawnbroker's yesterday. Whatever could he be doing there?

Lily—Oh, I don't know—passing his time away, maybe.—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

An Interested Party.
She—Oh, yes, I quite believe there's a fool in every family. Don't you?

He—Well—er—my opinion's rather biased. You see, I'm the only member of our family.—Drake's Magazine.

Thought.
Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

—G. P. Cranch.

RAILROADS.

N. & W. Norfolk & Western R.R.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DECEMBER 1, 1891.

LEAVE RICHMOND (DAILY).
BROAD-STREET STATION.
9:30 A. M. Daily for Norfolk through express. Arrive Norfolk 11:45 A. M. Stops only at Petersburg, Waverly and Suffolk.

10:25 A. M. For Roanoke, Radford, Pulaski, Bristol; also connects at Radford for Bluefield and Pocahontas. For car Petersburg to Roanoke and Pulaski sleeper Roanoke to Memphis via Knoxville and Chattanooga.

12:40 P. M. For Lynchburg, Roanoke and intermediate stations. No connection beyond Roanoke.

3:45 P. M. Arrives at Norfolk at 5:20 P. M. For Roanoke, Radford, Pulaski, Bristol; also for Bluefield, Pocahontas, Elk Horn and stations on Clinch Valley Division. Also for Louisville and stations on L. & N. R. R. via Norton. Pullman palace sleeper between Richmond and Lynchburg. Bertha ready for occupancy at 9:20 P. M. Also Pullman sleeper Petersburg to Louisville via Norton, and Roanoke to Memphis and New Orleans via Knoxville and Chattanooga.

Trains arrive Richmond from Lynchburg and the West daily at 7:44 A. M., 1:40 P. M. and 7:45 P. M. From Norfolk and the East at 11:45 A. M. and 6:35 P. M.

Tickets, baggage-checks, and all information can be obtained at Richmond and Petersburg railroad depots, W. G. Garber's, Main street, and at the Company's office, 201 east Main street.

R. W. COURTNEY, Passenger Agent, N. & W. R. R., Va.

General Office, Roanoke, Va.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY COMPANY.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JANUARY 1, 1892.

No. 1. Leave Richmond. BROAD-STREET STATION.

8:30 A. M. Except Sunday for Clifton Forge
1:30 P. M. Daily for Norfolk.
4:30 P. M. Daily for Cincinnati.
6:30 P. M. Daily for Norfolk.
8:30 P. M. Except Sunday for Bothwell.
10:30 P. M. Daily for Cincinnati.

No. 2. Leave Richmond. EIGHTH-STREET STATION.

9:30 A. M. Daily for Lynchburg/Clifton Forge
4:30 P. M. Except Sunday for Lynchburg.

No. 3. Connects at Gordonsville for Washington; at V. M. Junction for Lynchburg; at Basis City for Shenandoah Valley, North and South, and at Staunton for Harpers Ferry.

No. 4. Pullman for Cincinnati.
No. 5. Pullman for Old Point.
No. 6. Pullman (except Sunday) for Lynchburg and Clifton Forge.

No. 11. Palace Car for Lynchburg.

No. 12. TRAINS ARRIVE BROAD-ST. STATION.

8:30 A. M. Daily from Cincinnati.
1:30 P. M. Daily from Norfolk.
4:30 P. M. Daily from Cincinnati.
6:30 P. M. Daily from Norfolk.
8:30 P. M. Except Sunday from Clifton Forge.
10:30 P. M. Daily from Lynchburg.

JOHN D. POTTS, Division Passenger Agent.

RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG AND POTOMAC RAILROAD.—Schedule commencing APRIL 25, 1892. Eastern standard time.

8:45 A. M. leaves Byrd-street station daily; stops only at Ashland, Lowell, Milford, Fredericksburg, Brooks and Widewater. Leaves Washington and New York. Arrives at Washington at 1:30 P. M.; Baltimore, 1:35 P. M.; Philadelphia, 3:35 P. M.; New York, 5:35 A. M.

11:30 A. M. leaves Byrd-street station daily; stops only at Ashland, Lowell, Milford, Fredericksburg, Brooks and Widewater. Arrives at Washington at 1:30 P. M.; Baltimore, 1:35 P. M.; Philadelphia, 3:35 P. M.; New York, 5:35 A. M.

7:05 P. M. leaves Byrd-street station daily; stops only at Ashland, Lowell, Milford, Fredericksburg, Brooks and Widewater. Arrives at Washington at 1:30 P. M.; Baltimore, 1:35 P. M.; Philadelphia, 3:35 P. M.; New York, 5:35 A. M.

8:45 A. M. leaves Byrd-street station daily; stops only at Ashland, Lowell, Milford, Fredericksburg, Brooks and Widewater. Arrives at Washington at 1:30 P. M.; Baltimore, 1:35 P. M.; Philadelphia, 3:35 P. M.; New York, 5:35 A. M.